

The War Paper for Women

VOTES FOR WOMEN

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED SUFFRAGISTS

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THE ATROCITIES OF WAR



One of the arguments brought against the enfranchisement of women is to the effect that since women have no share in war they should not be given a voice in decisions of peace and war. After the sack of Louvain and other Belgian towns by the German troops can it be said any longer that women have no share in the horrors of war?

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DEDICATION

To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom; to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it; to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.

THE OUTLOOK

The war continues, and with it the suffering of women as well as of men. Every day it takes its toll of men's lives; every day the women left behind grapple in their homes with two gaunt foes, starvation and unemployment, or swell the pathetic crowd that waits outside the War Office for news of the men at the front.

"Relief" for Soldiers' Wives

Accounts continue to reach us of the distress among soldiers' wives who have not yet received their separation allowances from the Government, or who find this insufficient and are forced to apply for relief.

from the National Fund. We cannot too heartily protest against this system of giving the appearance of charity to what should be a national charge. If women were granted their proper status in time of peace they would not be forced into the position of supplicants for alms when their men go to war. As the *Manchester Guardian* truly says in a leading article on the subject, "It should not have been relief at all, but wages."

The Queen's Help

Amid much that is sad, it is cheering to find many signs of a growing public conviction that women suffer at least as much as men from the horrors of war. When a well-known war correspondent propounded this theory on a Suffrage platform some four or five years ago he was hotly attacked in a weekly paper by an equally well-known Socialist writer. To-day the columns of our papers are full of accounts of the terrible outrages suffered by women and children at the seat of war, while their industrial troubles at home are equally the subject of sympathetic discussion. The action of Queen Mary, first in appointing a Central Committee of women to deal with women's unemployment, and secondly, in starting a Work for Women Fund, to be administered by the Committee, is a step forward in the recognition of the woman worker that is of no inconsiderable importance. We give on page 727 an account by our Special Commissioner of the distress among unemployed women.

Return of Miss Christabel Bankhurst

The war which has taken many fighters out of the country has brought one back in Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

Pankhurst, who has returned to London from her two and a half years' exile in France, and addressed a packed and enthusiastic meeting in the Opera House last Tuesday evening on "The German Peril." This, we understand, is the first of a series of similar meetings to be held by her in different towns.

What the French Government Thinks of Women

The French Government, more ready than ours to recognise the value of women's services, have gladly accepted the offer of some of our best-known women doctors to send a medical unit to the front. We give details on page 727 of this enterprise, with which are concerned the names of several distinguished surgeons and physicians who are also well-known as suffragists, including those of Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson, Dr. Aldrich Blake, and Dr. Flora Murray. The doctors and nurses are giving their services free, but the sum of £2,000 will be required for equipment and maintenance, of which some £1,400 has already been subscribed.

This Week's Paper

In our leading article we deal with the atrocities of peace which will always go on until women have the power to influence national standards and legislation. Other interesting features of this week's paper are an interview with an American woman voter by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's account of her escape from Brussels last week. We make an appeal on the next page to the patriotism of United Suffragists and all our readers to enable us to retain our staff at full strength instead of adding to the ranks of the unemployed.

SHOULD WOMEN SHOOT?

More Replies from Our Women Readers

MISS LENA ASHWELL

It is obvious that one of the principal reasons for not encouraging women to practise and become efficient in self-defence and carry arms, is founded on the belief that the helpless and defenceless will benefit by any accentuation of their weakness. There has always been a desire to shield the women of the community from all participation in destruction, and no doubt there is the fundamental necessity of the race in this. So with all the instincts of my ancestors still screaming through my veins, I instinctively reply, when asked if women should shoot, "Certainly not." But in the light of modern progress, and of what is happening at this present moment to our hardly-won civilisation, one is obliged to take one's instincts and have a good look at them before allowing them to control one's opinions.

What has been the result in Belgium of being helpless, inefficient, and weak? Surely horror of indescribable and fearful proportions. No amount of weakness has protected the women who are now involved in warfare, and one cannot help wondering whether, when civilisation is stripped naked as the Germans have shown us, this shibboleth of the race is right. If women throughout the world were trained and educated in self-defence, they would be more able to meet perhaps, the infinite misery and horror. At any rate, when we hear of things at which our imagination shudders when it tries to realise, then perhaps it is better to die fighting than to be the passive victims of mutilation and worse than mutilation.

Who knows? I, for one, should not like to say. What I feel myself is, that those who want to train, should train. At the present moment we should all do with all our power what seems to us the best we can, and to be thoroughly efficient and to be able to shoot does not necessarily imply that one will use one's knowledge to kill—we should be ready and able, at any rate, to know how to die.

MISS WINIFRED HOLIDAY

It is natural for brave and spirited women in a time of great national danger to be tempted to offer their services in actual warfare, on the plea, doubtless sincerely put forward, that such services would be purely "for defensive purposes." From my heart I agree with Mrs. Pethick Lawrence in hoping that they will not yield to the temptation.

Let women remember that the whole system of armed peace which has resulted to-day in the most frightful war the world has ever seen, has been built up by men on the same plea of "defence." Not one of the nations or their rulers has ever admitted for a moment that "offence" was intended or aimed at—Germany and the Kaiser least of all. With such an appalling object-lesson before them of what the plea of "defence" ultimately leads to, surely women have warning enough and to spare of its danger. Once let the women of any country give way, and the women in all countries will inevitably be sucked into the maelstrom of the war system for offence as well as defence, all on the plea that they are "defending" their respective countries.

Even the fact that women in war-time have a double reason for defending themselves should be used as an argument for putting an end to war and its vileness altogether rather than as a reason for taking part in it.

Men refuse women the vote because they do not fight, i.e., take life; women claim it on the nobler ground that they give life, and they have to-day countless opportunities of rendering other services as essential to the national welfare and safety as those of the soldiers and sailors. Let us stand to our colours in this matter, so that women at least may enter on their share of the task that awaits the human race, when this war is over, with their hands free from the stain of blood. By doing so they will serve posterity and true civilisation far better than by forming Women's Rifle Corps; nay, they may even give Christianity itself a chance of being tried.

MRS. DAWSON SCOTT

The time has come for women to show that their help in the defence of the country is of value, and by raising no obstacle to women taking up duties they could perform easily and with perfect propriety, the men would also be doing their best for the national welfare; for every woman who tackles a job now done by a man sets that man free for the necessary fighting abroad, which is to preserve our liberties.

The war is woman's greatest opportunity to show her

value as a citizen, to prove that she cannot be classed with aliens, paupers, and lunatics. If she loses this opportunity she deserves the estimation in which she was formerly held.

A corps of women should be enrolled for picket work, to guard property, patrol bridges, stations, tunnels, &c. Many women are sewing for the hospitals, but there are others who desire more active and arduous tasks, and who would find it no hardship to drill and learn to shoot. These women would, I feel sure, be glad to undertake some of the labours of defence.

"A SUFFRAGETTE"

Despite Mrs. Haverfield's eloquent appeal, I must confess the possibility of scores of amateur pot-shots brandishing unlicensed revolvers (as suggested by your correspondent, "Not Prepared") fills me with greater apprehension than the prospect of any German invasion. It is true that the notion of going about all day long in a kind of glorified Wild West costume has its appeal for every imaginative temperament; but do let us, for heaven's sake, refrain from following man into this latest excess of schoolboyishness. The Woman's Movement is emphatically against war, against all the waste and cruelty and stupidity implied by it; if the women of Europe had had a say in things during the last century we hope and believe that Europe would never have come to its present pass.

And to suggest that we need a perpetual supply of lethal weapons to protect ourselves from our own countrymen, now, or at any other time, is not only stupid but downright cowardly. "Honour" in women is not a physical thing, but precisely the same as honour in man; we need no revolver to protect that; and if we must persist in using the word in the obsolete Victorian sense, why, the plain fact remains that there are precious few of us so naturally provocative that we need resort to such extreme measures. In any case, we are not afraid of the men, I should hope. For the life of me I cannot help thinking of Lady Corinthia Fanshawe, the languishing "Anti" in Mr. Shaw's amusing playlet, "Press Cuttings," who produces a pistol at every innocent movement of the elderly gentleman conversing with her, believing that he meditates a sudden attack upon her person.



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(Original letter may be seen on request.)

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"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

Patriotism for Suffragists

The patriotic motto that meets us on every side, "Business as Usual," is also the motto of the United Suffragists and their organ, VOTES FOR WOMEN. It is not easy at a time of international strife to keep before the public the claims of every-day life. Far more dramatic seem the sufferings of the brave soldier in the trenches than the sufferings of the starved baby or the sweated woman in the tenement, and it is more interesting to help to alleviate the one than to go on shouldering the humdrum responsibilities that are always ours at home, whether in peace or war. That, however, is the task that we set ourselves at the outset of the war, and as long as we have a penny in our coffers we mean to go on flying the Suffrage flag, because of all that it stands for.

No Lack of Encouragement

And judging by the letters we receive by every post we are fully justified in the course we have chosen. Encouraging words pour in upon us from all sides, showing a complete understanding of what we are trying to accomplish, of our determination to go on flying the purple, white, and orange flag, to serve the cause of women, peace, and progress all over the world, to express the woman's point of view, and to bring about her ultimate enfranchisement by every means in our power.

But deeds are better than words, especially when, like everyone else, we are faced by a possible reduction of income, brought about by the war in such ways as the lessening of advertisement revenue and of subscriptions from members whose resources have become suddenly strained; threatened also with increased cost of production consequent upon the war.

Many employers meet this state of affairs, now unhappily common, by reducing their staff. As Suffragists we feel that this method, always a hateful means of economising, becomes a terrible alternative and one to be avoided at all costs by those who have the woman's cause at heart, when unemployment stalks abroad as it does at this moment.

Patriotism Begins at Home

That is why we confidently make this appeal for funds, the first we have made since VOTES FOR WOMEN became the organ of the United Suffragists, to our

readers and to all Suffragists who realise what unemployment for women means to-day. Every woman who is worth anything is a patriot now; every woman is passionately desirous of helping her country—Suffragists, who do not require a war to stir up their love for their country and their desire to help it, are feeling even more patriotic than usual in the present national emergency. How are they, as Suffragists, going to translate this patriotism into action?

Here is an instance of one way in which a true Suffragist can show her patriotism. An old lady of eighty-six, a working woman all her life, and now pensioned off by the family she faithfully and intelligently served for more than fifty years, brought us some of her savings last week. "It'll be safer with you than me if the Germans come," she said; "and you might as well have it now as after I'm gone." When she was told that it would be used to pay the salary of some woman employed in the office who might otherwise have to be discharged owing to the war, she, knowing what it was to be a worker, felt sufficiently rewarded for her years of self-denial.

More, Please!

There must be many among our readers who would like to follow her example. Out of all those correspondents of ours who have applauded us for keeping on the paper, are there not some who will help to tide over the present difficult crisis, which is only temporary, by guaranteeing the salary of a secretary, a clerk, a typist, a boy or girl messenger, say, for two, three, six months, or a year?

Or will they guarantee us part of a salary? Another reader, a professional woman who is hard hit by the war, writes to us that she will guarantee £1 per quarter for the coming year. Others, like her, are giving all they can, however poor. Will not more follow their example, increasing the £1 to the limit of their resources?

We make this appeal with the utmost confidence, knowing that Suffragists, who have always given of their wealth whenever they saw real occasion for giving, will now give as readily of their poverty, and that those whose incomes have not been touched by the war will rise to this great occasion and give even more generously than before. For that it is a great occasion no true Suffragist will deny.

SEX-EQUALITY IN WAR

The Sufferings of the Belgian Women and Children—Unemployment at Home—Heroes' Wives Penniless—Brave Women at the Front

Sex-equality in suffering! Of that there can be no doubt in the minds of those who read what our Special Commissioners have to say on the horrors of the German occupation of Belgium, and equally on the horrors of unemployment, sweating, and starvation at home. No one can deny or underrate the sufferings of our brave men at the front; no one, on the other hand, can deny the sufferings of the brave women left behind, or left at the mercy of the invader as non-combatants.

Many who deny women the vote are now saying that women suffer more than men in war. We are content to admit that they suffer as much as men; and on that equality of suffering we base afresh our demand for their political equality with men. At least let us ensure in the future that no war is entered upon without the equal consent of women and men.

THE BELGIAN REFUGEES

(By Our Special Commissioner)

They have told us for years that "men must rule because the final resort must always be to force." And now the victims of that theory are pouring into London—feeble, shrinking creatures with dazed, bewildered eyes, moving gropingly as if in a dream—the women and children of Belgium, shattered and crushed by that force which shall never rule again. One hears many stories of outrage and horror down in that shelter where the poor fugitives are brought for their first days in London. Curiously enough, one can listen to them almost unmoved. The contrast between the homely comfort of the surroundings and the pictured village scenes is so great, the effect of the speakers' personality so strong (they are interesting and very varied in type, these Belgian women), that one listens as to the narration of a dream; it is later on that the full sense of horror is beaten into the mind till one feels it almost impossible to speak of it.

"They Can Only Weep"

When they first arrive they can only weep when their homes are mentioned. Later they are seized with a restless desire to talk on and on; their eyes glitter as they tell of the horrors they have heard and seen. Gradually, one is as much impressed with the duller stories as by the tales of violence, by the picture of a home wantonly devastated as by the isolated instances of mutilated children, or murdered old folks, sick people, and children. One has a vision of the physical force, so long exalted and extolled, thudding like a great brute across a smiling country, and at every plashing step destroying all the flowers of peace and loveliness and love. The very homeliness of the setting strikes horror.

A Family Flying for its Life

Here, for instance, is a woman, prim and efficient, who might have walked straight out of one of Mary Wilkins' New England stories, the type of woman to rule the minds of a whole streetful of neighbours. She had a prosperous store in Vise, a fifty-acre potato field, and other wealth. One imagines that her two daughters must have been regarded as very desirable wives, the inheritors of the mother's qualities as well as her property. One afternoon, suddenly, the Germans appeared behind the town, and in two minutes that family was flying for its life, leaving behind it in the blazing village all that had made life enviable, the chapter of a happy, bustling prosperity closed for ever, and the woman—industrious and locally rather important—thenceforth a dependant on the charity of strangers, her dream of a happy domestic life for her daughters shattered by German guns.

"Her Life is Wrecked"

And here is a tall, slim, young woman, the wife of a soldier, pouring out tales of utter horror. Herself she has not suffered violence, has never even seen a German soldier; but her life is wrecked, and she has even to consider herself fortunate that in her flight she saved—proudly she shows it—a little pile of baby clothes for the child who may never see home or father again. One could quote similar stories for hours; one would like to burn them into the hearts of all the male legislators whose statecraft has brought these things to pass.

A TIMELY REMINDER

In a description of the Sack of Louvain contributed to the *Times*, Mr. A. J. Davey says:

"Let English people who sit safely on

their island and talk of the barbaric destruction of works of art think less of the works of art and more of the human life that has been ruthlessly destroyed."

We venture to think that English people will never readjust their standard of values in this way until they recognize the equality of women with men.

WAR AND UNEMPLOYMENT

(By Our Special Commissioner)

To those people who imagine that "business as usual" is being carried out in deed as well as in intention, a visit to the home-workers in such a district as Bethnal Green would be a revelation. The box-making and boot industries are particularly hardy hit, and thousands of homes, dependent on the meagre earnings from these industries, are threatened already with destitution.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

A glance at the history of a few of these workers, taken casually from the Trade List, will show how matters really stand.

Mrs. H., living in a house kept spotlessly clean, has never before owed rent; her children are known at school for their neatness. She used to earn 15s. weekly making men's shirts; she has had no work for the last two weeks. Her husband, who is in an iron foundry, is also out of work, as his firm supplied piano manufacturers, and that trade is now at a standstill. There are five young children to support.

Mrs. S., a widow living in the same house, used to embroider gold emblems on soldiers' uniforms, and earned 20s. a week; all such work is now stopped, as khaki is "the only wear." She has one small child, and has no savings laid by. What is to become of them?

Mrs. L. is out of work owing to the closing of a blouse-factory; her husband, a cabinet-maker and now out of work, was one of 600 employees dismissed by one firm a short while ago.

Making Shoes at 10d. a Dozen

Mrs. H., a widow, has two daughters, aged 15 and 17. Both girls worked at the brush trade, and are now out of work, with no immediate prospect of restarting. The woman has a consumptive throat. When I visited them the whole family were making children's shoes at 10d. a dozen, and some employers have now reduced the pay to 9d. a dozen! Mrs. H. was very much afraid she would get no more work, as most of the home-workers for her firm had been paid off last week. There is a small child five years old, and they have no other sources of income whatsoever. The shoes for which she receives 9d. a dozen, finding her own thread, needles, and glue, are sold at 2s. 6d. a pair.

Seven Living on Eight Shillings

Mrs. X., a deserted wife, has six young children; both she and the eldest girl, aged 16, work at cardboard box-making. Both are now unemployed. A boy of 14 supports the entire family on a wage of 8s. a week, which may be stopped any week, as the employer, who is a carman, is also hit by the war. The two youngest children have been handed over to the Guardians.

Mrs. P. supports a family of six people by shirt-making.

Her husband is a cripple, unable to do any work. Mrs. P. was paid off last week, and the family has lost its only source of income.

Government as Sub-Contractor

One woman, who used to make shirts but was paid off by her firm, was then offered men's army shirts to be made for 1d. each; she took home six to make up as she was so badly in need of money.

From the foregoing instances it can be guessed what distress is likely soon to prevail among home-workers. Miss Young, at the Homeworkers' Hall, 341, Cambridge Road, E., is doing splendid work for these women, and anyone who has time to spare could not do better work than by going down and helping her.

THE HEROES' WIVES

It is quite evident that existing organisations cannot cope with the work involved in conveying to the wives of soldiers at the front what is due to them. In many cases reservists' wives have not yet received even the £1. 1d. per day (1s. 7d. within the London area), with 3d. per day extra for

each child, which is the Government allowance for the private's wife, while in still more cases the compulsory allotment of the husband's pay at the rate of 6d. per day for the wife and 1d. for each child has not yet been effected. The third source of pay, assistance from the Prince of Wales's Fund, is so hedged round with investigation and officialism that what ought to be a national debt of honour takes on the appearance of a charitable dole.

Some Hard Cases

A correspondent, who is also an occasional contributor to *VOTES FOR WOMEN*, writes from her country home in the West of England:

"Some reservists' wives in villages here have never yet had a farthing of their separation allowance—nothing from the Government since the men left on mobilization. What a token that women and children are held to be of no account! Of course neighbours and local magnates have helped them (I presume the authorities reckon on that), but they have had their rights ignored so far."

Always privileges instead of rights where women are concerned!

CANADIAN WIVES

Do Canadian wives count more than their British sisters? According to the *Woman's Journal* (August 22) every man volunteering for active service in the war must bring the written consent of his wife or his services will not be accepted. "If we are to continue to have such uncivilized things as wars," it proceeds, "it will be some mitigation if it is recognized that the ownership between husband and wife is to some extent reciprocal, and that the wife's consent must be obtained before taking the husband away to make him food for powder."

THE PRICE OF FOOD

Working Women and Mr. Runciman

A deputation from the East London Suffragettes waited upon Mr. Runciman at the Board of Trade last week to ask that the Government should control the food supplies during the war, fixing maximum prices in the wholesale trade and making good the deficit, if there were any.

"The people cannot be allowed to starve," said Miss Sylvia Pankhurst; "it will cost money to feed them however it is done, and it will be cheaper in the end if the Government pays something to keep prices down rather than give food away wholesale. In doing so it will help poor people who are too proud to ask for charity and at the same time prevent unscrupulous traders from making enormous profits."

A WOMAN'S UNIT FOR WAR

The French authorities are always inclined to be less bound by red tape and obsolete prejudice than our English bureaucracy. And in France women "count" much more than they do in England. So it is not surprising that France has gratefully accepted the offer of a complete hospital unit made by English women doctors. The President of the French Red Cross, writing through the French Embassy in London, has received the unit in the name of the "Union des Femmes de France,"

one of the three branches of the French Red Cross Society, and it will rank as a Government hospital during the war. It will consist of eight to ten women doctors and anaesthetists, fourteen nurses, and four to six men orderlies. All will wear distinctive uniforms, and all are to be vaccinated and inoculated against typhoid before starting. The doctors and nurses give their services free, but about £2,000 is wanted for cost of equipment and maintenance, and nearly £1,400 has been already raised. The joint organising secretaries, Dr. L. Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray (60, Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill, W.), will gladly receive further contributions to this fund. Miss Louisa Aldrich-Blake, M.S., M.D., Dr. L. Woodcock, and Dr. Hazel Cuthbert are also members of the Executive Committee. The unit is under orders to be ready to start about the 18th of this month.

RUSSIAN WOMEN DOCTORS

In Russia women doctors have no difficulty in reaching the front. The Red Cross Society there has decided to accept women as surgeons provided that their number does not exceed that of the men surgeons. So Great Britain is the only one of the Allies that refuses to recognize the capacities of its medical women!

BRAVE WOMEN

The following tribute to Frenchwomen, contained in an extract from a rifleman's letter, appeared recently in the *Daily Mail*:

"On the Wednesday fight the women brought hot potatoes and new bread right into the trenches and firing line. I can assure you they are the bravest women I have ever met."

At Louvain

Long after everybody else had fled in panic, writes the Antwerp correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, two brave telephone girls at Louvain continued to transmit the orders of the Belgian staff directing the safe retreat of their army, while bullets and shells rained round the building in which they sat. "Brave as the Belgian men are, they cannot surpass their women," he concludes.

Three Russian Girls at the Front
Three Vilna girls, two of them daughters of a Colonel and one of a Senator, are reported to have stolen to the front disguised as soldiers. The Petrograd correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says they have been accepted as volunteers. Can women shoot?

A SUFFRAGIST ARMY CHAPLAIN

Dr. Kelman, who has just accepted a chaplaincy with the Expeditionary Force, recently preached a sermon at St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh, in which he said that as a nation we had made mistakes and had many sins to answer for. There were many things that should be altered, and when this war was over we should not be able to take things up as we had left them—there were wrongs which must be righted, poverty and suffering that should not be in a Christian land, injustices that must be made right. To mention the most important, the Irish question and the political status of women, we must stand to right these in the future.

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Miss M. LUCETTE RILEY.—In "The Sphinx" you have, I think, a play of strong emotional and dramatic interest. I do think you have written a very, very good play, and I hope it will receive the recognition it merits.

Miss ELLAH MCGARTHY.—It has touched me enormously. I want to congratulate Miss Steer on her really beautiful play. You will have a big success with it.

TIKETS may be obtained from the Box Office, Royal Court Theatre, and from the usual agents. Box Office, Place, S.W.

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3, Adam Street, Strand. Telephone 5150 Regent

Colours: Purple, White, and Orange

OBJECT:—To secure a Government measure to give women the Vote on equal terms with men.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1914.

THE ATROCITIES OF PEACE

During the past fortnight the civilised world has been appalled by stories of atrocities said to have been committed in Belgium by the German troops. In all wars the civilised world is shocked by similar tales of barbarity, many of which are afterwards disproved, while counter-accusations are brought against the accusing army. But, making due allowance for terrified imaginations and national prejudices, we can still assume with certainty that in every war these horrible outrages are committed, and that the present war will prove no exception to the rule.

In the midst of their horror many people see in these atrocities an inevitable consequence of war. Their hearts are rent with pity; they empty their purses in aid of the victims; they call upon neutral Powers to intervene in the name of humanity—all the while tacitly assuming that such atrocities are peculiar to war time. We have every sympathy with their humane outcry, just as we rejoice in the philanthropic impulses of kind-hearted people who do not discover until there is a war that many thousands of their fellow creatures are living at the subsistence level, occasionally dropping below it. If war reveals to these zealots the horrors that belong also to peace, that is the best argument we have yet heard in favour of war. At the same time, it does not alter the plain fact that the atrocities recently reported from Belgium are not confined to war time or to Belgium. They were going on in this country long before war began; they are going on now, though they provoke no dramatic outburst of protest; they will go on, we fear, after peace has been declared. For they are the outcome of an evil

that haunts the land whether we are at peace or war, and its name is the subjection of woman.

Speaking in the House of Lords on April 29 of this year, the Bishop of London said:—

"It is not perhaps fully realised how distressingly common are these cases of assault on children and young girls. Mrs. Bramwell Booth speaks of the Salvation Army receiving 316 girls under 16 who had been so assaulted in twelve months. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has for the last six years had an annual average of 400 cases of criminal and indecent assault reported to them. In the Church of England we ourselves have many homes full of them. From many other sources, and from the reports in the newspapers, it is clear that these figures cannot be doubted, and that they do not in any sense give an adequate idea of the prevalence of such assaults."

Other authorities place the total of children and young girls outraged in this way annually in this country at 1,700. These figures can readily be believed from the number of cases which come into the courts, of which we give instances week after week in our Comparison of Punishments. They are more than confirmed by the grim statistics of the children's wards of our Lock Hospitals, by the existence in this country of homes for "fallen" children under 14, "fallen" children under 11, children from 5 to 10 years of age who have been criminally assaulted, girls from 10 to 14 who have been criminally assaulted.

Nor do the "atrocities" end with assaults upon the persons of women and children. Thousands of families have been rendered homeless through the invasion of Belgium and the wanton destruction of their houses. But what about the 200,000 annual deaths in this country which, according to an authority quoted in the *Medical World* (September, 1913), "are due to overcrowding and insanitary dwellings"? Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money, writing in the *Daily News* (December, 1913) on "Houses and Lives," maintains, and shows by statistics, that at least 184,000 lives per annum could be saved in this country by good housing where there is now bad housing. And what about infant mortality? What about the 80,000 working-class babies who die every year, as can be deduced from the Registrar General's report, from the effects of the awful conditions into which they are born? The mothers of those babes whose lives are sacrificed in this way have no power to enforce housing legislation, or to control it when it is being framed.

Again, according to Board of Trade returns, 200,000 deaths occur annually among the nation's workers as the result of industrial casualties. We read somewhere, the other day, of a reservist's wife who said with unconscious irony to a sympathiser, when her husband had rejoined the colours (he had not yet gone to the front) that she felt he was safe now. He had been an iron smelter in time of peace.

These are our atrocities. Here, in our native land, are our Louvain and our Aerschot. And because these things go on unchecked in time of peace, so they recur in time of war with a tragic setting to them. As suffragists, we hold that neither in war nor in peace will the human person be so respected as to make "atrocities" impossible until woman the life-giver is made woman the law-giver, and placed on an equality with man.

Thousands of gallant men are giving their lives for their country as these words are being written. Thousands more are setting out full of unselfish enthusiasm to make the same great offering of themselves for an idea. The women who are left behind, those of them, at all events, who are suffragists and knew something of the meaning of sacrifice for an idea, ask nothing better than that they shall be given the peaceful weapon of the vote in order to make their country one that is worth dying for.

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THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES

Dramatic Escape from Brussels

By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart

May I at the outset of this account of my recent experiences in Belgium suggest that for readers of *VOTES FOR WOMEN* the interest of the story lies, not in the experiences, but in the illustration which these afford of the fact that there are more ways than one of fighting for the cause of women? My intended work of showing once more that women can be of independent service in time of war, and of establishing—at the invitation of the Belgian Red Cross—a hospital to be administered by women only in the University at Brussels, was frustrated by the occupation of Brussels by the German army, the day before my unit of women-doctors, nurses, cooks, and others were due to join me; and the result was that my work for the next fortnight consisted, not in improvising hospitals for Belgian, French, and English soldiers, but in insisting upon the fact that women have as keen a sense of responsibility as men, and that, like men, they are ready and must be allowed to run whatever risks may be incurred in undertaking those responsibilities. My unit of women could not reach me at Brussels; therefore, I must reach them, wherever they might be. But this, I was told, was impossible, as the German General would allow no one to leave Brussels.

"Have Patience, Madame Stobart!"

"Besides, you would," they added, "incur grave risks by attempting to find your ladies—who are probably safe home in England. It is not to be expected that you should go after them. War is war, and you are not responsible. Have patience, Madame Stobart! Stay quietly here in Brussels. Go for drives and walks and amuse yourself!" Thus all my friends and the Legations, and I realised that the world has still something to learn about twentieth century women, and that my work would now consist in finding means of escape from Brussels. I first tested the supposed unwillingness of the German General to grant passports, by peacefully challenging the sentries and penetrating the cordon of soldiers encompassing the Hotel de Ville, which contained the almighty German General, and found that permission for me to leave Brussels was indeed sternly prohibited.

I then found a plucky little Belgian peasant cobbler, who was going to risk walking to Alost to see his son, who was in the Garde Civique. He promised to show me the way, and let me walk with him the thirty kilomètres; for I hoped that at Alost I could at least communicate with my unit. But the next day I heard that the German General was for a short time issuing passports from Brussels, and I decided, of course, to take this opportunity of getting to Alost or Ostend, where I should either find the unit or get in touch with them in London. I had been accompanied to Brussels by my husband and by the Vicar of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, who had volunteered their services for a time, respectively as Hon. Treasurer and Chaplain to my unit; and they, against my wishes, gallantly decided to come with me. We accordingly went with our original passports to the Hotel de Ville to get these vised. But permission to go to Alost or Ostend was refused. Only to Venlo, which was in neutral territory—in Holland—could passes be given. This was better than nothing, and securing the only taxi-cab we had seen in Brussels, we set forth from our hotel at 6 p.m. on Monday, August 24, with our semi-Germanised passports. We were told that we took our lives in our hands, as we should be passing through the enemy's lines continuously till we reached the Dutch frontier. But as far as I was concerned there was nothing heroic about this, for I knew I should be much more uncomfortable if I stayed quiescently in Brussels than if I went through a few physical risks and discomforts in trying to do what any man in my position would have done without hesitation.

The Grey Horror

After leaving the town behind, we drove in our ramshackle old taxi-cab along roads darkened by avenues of over-arching trees, encountering swarms of the grey German military automobiles, which, carrying no lights, dashed recklessly along at breakneck speed in the grey twilight; and detachments of cavalry regiments in grey—infantry in grey—guns in grey—

transport wagons—oh, how I hated grey! Continually we were halted by soldiers who spread themselves across the road, but we showed our passports and were allowed to proceed, and we came to the conclusion that perhaps the risks had been exaggerated. We reached Louvain shortly after eight that night, and drove through streets that seemed to belong to a city of the dead. Not a soul of all the inhabitants was to be seen. We knew that the other side of the shutters of those sulky houses, a population of indignant men and women were seething in discontent. But the grey uniforms and bayoneted rifles dominated everything. We were refused food at the café-hotel because it was all reserved for the German officers, but we were eventually given beds. We left at five on the morning of the day Louvain was destroyed. We arrived at Hasselt at eight a.m., and halted at a café in front of the station for some breakfast, and were about to continue our journey when our chauffeur, a Belgian boy of eighteen, told us he couldn't get the taxi to start. Meanwhile, the soldiers guarding the station swarmed around us, an officer looked at our passports, was dissatisfied, said the stamped seal was worthless and that we were spies, and, shouting for six soldiers, who full cocked their rifles and fixed bayonets, told them to surround us.

"You are prisoners," he said curtly. "If you talk to each other, or if you move, you'll be shot immediately."

We waited during an hour for orders from the Commandant, and were then marched as prisoners to the Hotel de Ville. Here we were stripped and examined, our luggage was searched and all papers and money taken from us, and at five p.m. we were marched to the railway station, made to enter a luggage-van attached to an engine, and were thus taken by our guard of six soldiers to Tongres. At Tongres we were again marched to the Hotel de Ville. Here we were met by the Major in command, who was told that we had been arrested as spies.

"English?" he asked.

"Ja, mein Herr Major—*wir sind Englisch*," I replied cheerfully, for these German officers were such bullies; everything depended on showing that one was not afraid.

"Ah!" said the Major jubilantly, "das wird mir sehr angenehm sein!" (That will be very agreeable to me).

We went through the farce of verbal examination, and I showed him all my papers relating to my intended hospital work; but he refused to look at them.

"I have no time for proofs—you are spies—I suppose you know the fate of spies! Twenty-four hours. Whether you're in the right or in the wrong, you are English, and this is a war of annihilation."

Waiting to be Shot

We were taken upstairs and spent the night lying upon straw in an empty room, and expected at dawn to be called out and shot. But owing, as we believe, to the intervention of another officer, who was, he told us, married to an Englishwoman, we were told next day that we were to go by train as prisoners to Köln. At Liège all our papers were snatched from our guard by an excited mob of officers and soldiers, who nearly lynched us when they heard we were English, and we had eventually to go on to Aachen without any of the papers, which alone could prove that we were what we said we were.

At Aachen we were marched to the arrest cells in the military barracks accompanied by the population, who hooted and hissed and called us English dogs and other opprobrious epithets. Here again we slept on verminous straw, and the next day went once more through the routine of being stripped and searched. Each of us was brought separately before the judicial officer. If found guilty we should, we were told, be shot; if mercy was extended, our fate would be at least three years in a German fortress, and if found innocent, imprisonment till the end of the war. This was the prospect. Everything now depended upon whether the judicial officer was—unlike the German officers we had encountered hitherto—a human being, and could be persuaded to believe—upon my word alone—that it was my sense of duty towards my women that had led us to the indiscretion of going

through the German lines. His manner of conducting the trial was all that one could have wished. But at the end of the day we were marched off separately to the prison. Here again I was stripped and searched, all my possessions removed, and I was taken—at midnight—by two wardresses, to the cell I was to occupy. The door closed with a bang upon me, and the key turned mercilessly in the lock; and, shut out from the world—as I thought, perhaps for ever—I was face to face with my self. My chief regret was that my women would never know that I had tried to get to them, but in the end I persuaded myself that even the effort would count somehow somewhere!

The Miracle Happens

The next day was spent satisfactorily in thinking things out, and then, at five p.m., arrived the miracle (which in Bulgaria had always followed a critical situation). I was sent for by the human officer, who came to the prison, and said that if I would give my word not to escape, he would take me in his automobile to the hotel, where—with my two friends, without whom I would not, of course, accept freedom—I should be free to come and go, on parole, while our case was further investigated. He and the next senior officer sent a cable to the German authorities at the Hotel de Ville at Brussels, asking them to confirm my story that I had been asked by the Croix Rouge to organise a hospital in the University, and that night we had the first wash for five days and slept in beds comparatively happy. But in the morning the senior officer greeted me with a serious face. "We've had the reply to our telegram. Read it." He handed me the paper. "Croix Rouge and University say no hospital by Madame Stobart." The Belgian Director of the Croix Rouge and of the University had presumably been displaced by Germans, to whom I was unknown!

Return to prison seemed inevitable. But some curious psychical influence was obviously at work, and when I asked if someone might not be sent with me to Brussels to corroborate my statement, the officer, as he looked me in the face, replied quietly, to my intense surprise, "No—but this telegram is not an answer to the question we had asked. You are free—to go to Brussels." I imagined that at least we should have to be under German supervision, but I boldly suggested that at Brussels I should be no better off as regards my unit than before. Could we not go to England? The answer was, "I don't see why you shouldn't!"

An Officer and a Gentleman

This officer—ever to be remembered with deepest gratitude—then obtained for us a pass from the German General to the Dutch frontier—drove us in his own carriage to obtain a passport from the Dutch Consul, and finally allowed us to drive in his carriage to the frontier at Farls. From Farls we drove in a hired automobile to Maastricht, thence by train to Flushing and by steamer to Folkestone, and I arrived in London to find my unit waiting for further news from me and safely pursuing their ordinary avocations. Were the experiences of that fortnight all in vain?

WESTMINSTER

To the echoing beat of your chime
Shall the song of our battle arise,
Shall sound through the land for all time,
Like a challenge caught up in the skies;
The passionate tale of a crime,
Till the tale of humanity dies.

On your bells that have chimed us denial,
Shall the vows of our triumph be sworn,
When our women are brought to their trial,
In the hearts of the people unborn;
When the marks, showing clear on the dial,
Tell the steel of the sword they have worn.
Tell the tale o' the justice deereed
To mother and sister and wife,
Who cried in the hour of their need.
To the lives at the core of their life;
When the souls of all women are freed—
You shall chime the great song of our strife.
Dollie Radford.

JINGALO REVISITED*

We have had Erewhon and Erewhon Revisited and Ruritania and Jingalo—and now we have Jingalo Revisited. Something of all these others there is in "The Royal Runaway"—Laurence Housman's recently published sequel to "John of Jingalo"—even to the existence, as in Anthony Hope's imaginary European State, of a man who bears a likeness to the real king; but these are unimportant details of the book that do not make it in any sense reminiscent of anybody else's book. If there is a suggestion of reminiscence it is in the charming relations between the Runaway and his landlady, who humours his fancy that he is King just as in "The Great Adventure" Mr. Arnold Bennett makes his heroine refuse to believe that the man she has married and mothered is really a world-famed artist. We mention this, not because we think we should not have had "The Royal Runaway" but for "The Great Adventure" (which we dare wager Mr. Housman has never seen), but because it interests us to find two of the greatest living satirists in fiction weaving romance out of a relationship of the sexes which implies a sort of unworldly helplessness on the side of the man, and a sound, practical, common-sense tyranny on the part of the woman.

Laurence Housman's book remains, all the same, Laurence Housman's book. No one else could have pieced together this minute satire of present-day politics, presented to us this whimsical portraiture of present-day politicians, or given us two such lovable creations in Royal disguise as King John and his son Max. Some readers of his book to whom latter-day politics are perhaps less vital than to readers of *VOTES FOR WOMEN*, may think the conversations between Max and his Ministers a trifle tedious and drawn out; but Suffragists will not be among them, and no one can fail to find much of the dialogue extraordinarily brilliant. The discussion on religion in Chapter III., carried on by Max and his uncle, the Duke of Nostrum, sparkles with interesting points, some witty, some beautiful. To Max, America is the danger to civilisation, and

"Nothing will avert that danger but a new religion born of a new race."

The old gentleman got upon his feet. "I'm not going to

* "The Royal Runaway." By Laurence Housman. (London: Chapman and Hall. Price 6s.)

listen to any more of this!" he cried. "When I hear a man—and a baptized Christian—talking about a new religion—then I know that he ought to be in hell."

Further on, in answer to the Duke's sneering supposition that he does not believe in a hell—

"On the contrary I hold that every man who believes in a hell occupied by his fellow-creatures is already in it himself. We are all members one of another."

There are allusions, of course, overt allusions at all events, to the suffrage movement. Here is one of the more direct, made by the Prince to Premier Brassay when discussing how the latter has had to give in to the women's claims. The Prime Minister protests that "The moment the law of the case was decided we admitted the claim." Max scoffs:—

"Oh, pardon me, you did not! So greatly were you afraid of what those women electors, whose claims you had flouted, might do to you at the polls that you promptly brought in (your last act before quitting office) a Franchise Bill. . . . And why? Merely for fear of the women, and to protect yourselves from the results of your own law-breaking."

"I cannot accept, even from your Highness, such an aspersion, where the law was still in doubt. Our motive was solely to maintain the law."

How familiar it all sounds! So does this—a reflection on the state of things in Jingalo just before the Revolution breaks out, which is going merely to change one Bureaucracy for another:—

For this is the new form of lawlessness, and in governing circles it is becoming popular; it has already covered deportations, false imprisonment, misappropriation of the public funds and suchlike trifles; and to-morrow, no doubt, it will be extended to political corruption, bribery, and all other constitutional elasticities convenient to the party in power.

But let it not be thought that the two slightly sententious passages just quoted are typical passages. They are not; they are merely appropriate to the subject which mainly concerns readers of *VOTES FOR WOMEN*. "The Royal Runaway" is to be read with thankfulness by us all for its human qualities, which are great; and for its story, which is racy and thrilling; and for its pathos, which is all the more moving for being touched with the whimsicality which is so eminently Housmanesque. The death of Max is one of the finest passages in the book. And all these things appeal as warmly to Suffragists as to others; for to understand one cause is to understand all, and to face facts sincerely is the royal road to the perfect enjoyment of satire.

E. S.

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WHAT THE WOMAN'S VOTE HAS DONE IN SEATTLE

Special Interview with Prominent Seattle Suffragist

Away out beyond the Rockies, on the coast of the Far West of the United States, lies the modern city of Seattle, famous for its marvellously rapid growth, famous for its municipal engineering feats, and famous for its efficient and influential women, who since their enfranchisement have effected great and far-reaching reforms in the realm of municipal and State politics.

The Woman Who Won the Victory

One of the Leaders of the Woman's Movement who organised the Suffrage Campaign and brought it to victory four years ago is visiting London at the present time. Having visited Mrs. Fick in Seattle, I was delighted to meet her in London and to have a talk with her about the recent progress of the Woman's Movement in Western America. It is her first visit to this country, and I found her eager to give me her impressions of London and its people.

"I feel," she said, "as never before, the solid strength of the British Empire. That strength was reflected in the faces and demeanour of the people who thronged the streets of London the day that war was declared." Knowing that America had recently been shadowed by the menace of war in Mexico, I asked her whether enfranchised women had shown any interest or taken any action in the matter.

Are Women Against War?

"Yes, there was a strong feeling on the part of women against the War. We attributed the war-menace to what we call 'Dollar Diplomacy.' We held many meetings and sent resolutions by wire to the President. He was determined not to be pressed by financial interests into War. I don't say our Peace Meetings influenced the situation because it is impossible to gauge direct and immediate results; but I know that public men are absorbing women's ideas about human life more and more in our country. Our opinion is becoming part and parcel of public opinion in American political life. And this means death to the war idea."

"Do you," I said, "notice any difference in

the way with which women's opinions and women's ideas are treated in the State of Washington since they won the Vote?"

Mrs. Fick smiled. "The men of Washington have always valued the opinion of the women, but the politicians did not care anything at all about it; but now the politicians have come into line with the average man, and the first thing that a candidate for office does is to secure the endorsement of all women's clubs. A man who was running for the Senate at the County Council Meeting said to me the other day—'Why have not the women been to talk to me lately about the things they want? You know I am interested in everything women are doing, and I want them to keep me in touch with their wishes.' Men interested in public health are above all seeking the support of the women. They say that it is only through women that they can educate the men to hygiene."

The Handling of Food—A Contrast

This was an exceedingly interesting point, and I pressed for further information about it. "Well, first there is the whole question of the handling of food. In our State all food in restaurants and bakeries and emporiums is inspected by women officials, and all people who handle food such as cooks, dishwashers, waiters, salespeople in food stores and workers in food factories have to present, before taking employment, a special medical certificate stating that they are entirely free from any taint of tuberculosis or venereal diseases. Should any symptoms of disease be discovered under the medical examination, the sufferers are at once placed under free medical care in the Municipal Sanatoriums, and are not allowed to handle food or utensils until they are entirely cured. Further, all food of every description displayed for sale is covered. I was passing a butcher's shop in Buckingham Palace Row the other day. I saw above it the words 'Purveyors to His Majesty the King,' and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the meat exposed to the air and impurities of the street. The women at home would be horrified if I told them about it. I saw a cart piled up with leaves of bread in the middle of the traffic. It was abominable to me. Such a thing would not be tolerated in our city. And the fruit-stores and street

stalls fill me with horror and the flies on the cakes and sweets in the shop windows!"

The Milk Supply

"And what action do your Health Authorities take with regard to the Milk Supply? That is a pressing question here."

"Our organised women—especially the Mothers' Association—have been backing up the Health Commissioners and are agitating that the City of Seattle shall own the whole of its milk supply. Public opinion is rallying strongly, and legislation effecting this change will certainly be carried in the near future. In the meanwhile the milk supply has been greatly increased and is very carefully inspected."

"Does your Government pay its women inspectors and its men inspectors an equal salary?"

"Yes, absolutely," answered Mrs. Fick. "In every department of Government service, including the Schools, equal pay for equal work is the invariable rule."

I thought of one of our most pathetic social problems at home, the plight of the widow with young children to support. I was anxious to know how that question was dealt with in an equal suffrage State.

"We give every widowed mother a pension. The fixed rate is 10 dollars a month for the first child, and 5 dollars for every additional child; but if there is special invalidity or sickness in the family, the case comes before a Judge appointed to deal with the matter, and he is empowered to increase the pension to meet the need. This Bill was suggested, supported and practically put through the Legislature by the Mothers' Congress three years ago."

The White Slave Question

"One more question, Mrs. Fick. Seattle was in the old days a centre of the White Slave Traffic. Have women been able to deal with that problem?"

"Since the women had the right of election, legalised prostitution has been abolished. Seattle was, as you say, one of the great White Slave Markets, but White Slave Traffic is no longer a safe trade. Since women became electors, eight policewomen (in plain clothes not uniform) have been appointed to detect and watch all nefarious proceedings of that kind. Very severe penalties are enforced without

reference to the social position and connections of all delinquents. Of ordinary prostitution there is very little, and a Bill will probably be passed this year, backed by the Mothers' Congress, giving equal rights to protection and inheritance to all a man's children, whether born in wedlock or out of it; thus fastening equal responsibilities for the children's welfare on both parents equally, whether the union be legal or otherwise."

Britain Throwing Away Women's Help

"What we American women cannot understand," concluded Mrs. Fick, "is how a great country like Britain can be content to throw away the services of its women. Surely the need of all that is best and strongest in British womanhood at this time of crisis will open the eyes of your government, and the splendid spirit and practical efficiency with which women are responding in countless ways, will touch the hearts of even politicians when peace comes. The women of all the civilized States in Europe ought to have the vote, as the best security for the happiness of the human family."

Emmeline Pethick Lawrence.

SETTING BACK THE CLOCK

The Georgia Legislature has been setting back the clock. Until recently it was a felony under the law of that State to take a chaste girl of fourteen to a house of ill-fame. The Legislature has just made this a mere misdemeanour.

"A. S. B." in the *Woman's Journal*, comments thus on the new law:—"The same Legislature failed to pass the Woman Suffrage Bill. The opponents declared that women in Georgia are fully protected, and do not need the ballot."

WHY INDEED?

Why is it that as soon as women get the suffrage in any State they are called upon to clean up the cities and purify politics? As men have always been held to be so much better qualified to vote than women, the latter ought to find every city a cleaner town and the political atmosphere too rarefied to breathe in safety.—"Judge."

COMPARISON OF PUNISHMENTS

LIGHT SENTENCES

Indecent Assaults on Children

The *Derbyshire Times* (August 29) reports case of a Sunday School teacher charged before Messrs. C. W. Bower, J. Ashworth, G. Beestall, and T. England, at Alfreton, with indecently assaulting three little girls. Two cases were dismissed on account of a discrepancy in the date.

Sentence: *Three months' hard labour.*

The *Coventry Times* (August 19) reports case of a labourer charged at the County Petty Sessions with indecently assaulting a little girl of nine.

Sentence: *Two months' hard labour.*

Brutal Assaults on Women

The *Midland Weekly News* (August 29) reports case of a man charged at Brierley Hill Police Court with violently assaulting his sister-in-law, knocking her face out of shape, breaking the cartilage of the nose and the upper jawbone, and causing her to lose a great deal of blood.

Sentence: *Two months' hard labour and bound over in £50 for six months.*

The *Glasgow News* (September 3) reports case of a middle-aged man charged before Sheriff Fyfe in Glasgow Sheriff Court with assaulting his wife by beating her with a poker and throwing a pot of boiling water over her.

Sentence: *Three months' imprisonment.*

HEAVY SENTENCES

Theft

The *Times* (August 24) reports case of a German waiter charged before Mr. Horace Smith at Westminster Police Court with thefts from the Savoy and Berkeley Hotels, where he had been employed. He stole a motor-cycle from a fellow waiter, and when arrested was found with a stolen passport belonging to an Italian waiter.

Sentence: *Nine months' hard labour.*

False Pretences

The *Derbyshire Times* and *Sheffield Weekly News* (August 22) report case of a man charged before the Chesterfield County Magistrates (Chairman, Mr. E. C. Barnes) with obtaining £2 11s. 6d. from a woman by representing himself as a traveller for a firm, and saying her husband had ordered goods for which she was to pay him, which she did. There was one previous conviction.

Sentence: *Six months' hard labour.*

CORRESPONDENCE

WOMEN'S UNPAID WORK

To the Editors of *VOTES FOR WOMEN*.—I have only to-day seen last week's *VOTES FOR WOMEN*, and much regret to find a good deal of its space devoted to the preaching of an economic heresy—namely, that the doing of useful unpaid work can injure anyone. I hope that ladies who have leisure and skill with the needle will not be deterred from the making of shirts and other useful garments for the needy by the fear of depriving wage-earners of employment.

A hundred pounds spent in material gives exactly as much employment as the same sum spent in finished garments; but the labour given in making up the material adds to its value, let us say, doubles it, and thus we have twice as many garments as could be bought for £100, and that without any paid worker losing an hour's employment. The old Protectionist fallacies are always cropping up—that money is more valuable than money's worth, and that work is an end rather than a means, and the providing of work the thing to be aimed at, irrespective of the result produced.—Yours, &c., E. LINDSAY.

Belfast, August 26.
[Our correspondent misses the point that the expenditure of all available money on material instead of partly on material and partly on labour would, in all probability, result in a glut of garments. When it is proved that the demand for garments exceeds the possible supply from paid workers the skilled amateur may properly be called in. In the meantime, through the substitution of the enthusiastic amateur for the out-of-work professional, many women and girls are being prevented from taking the opportunity of earning their own livelihood, to the advantage of those wholesale dealers in material who had large stocks on hand at the outbreak of war. Moreover we think the "providing of work" is the thing to be aimed at, and we prefer the "result produced" by that method to the result obtained by a system of doles and distress committees.—Editors, *Votes for Women*.]

TO MAKE HELP EFFECTIVE

To the Editors of *VOTES FOR WOMEN*.—As "Militant Suffragettes" we have noticed the appeal made to women to come forward and help in the present crisis. We would like to draw your readers' attention to the fact that the nations now at war have not enfranchised their women, and therefore that the womanhood of these nations is in no way responsible for the present grievous state of affairs. They have, however, to pay the price. Many homes will be desolated by this war, and the lives of all women and children will be more difficult; their means of living seriously menaced; already many women have been thrown out of employment. We therefore appeal to all right-thinking men to stand by the women and insist that the wrong and injustice done to the women of the British Isles be at once rectified by giving women the vote. No longer can men talk of women's militancy. We suffragettes are willing and eager to work. Our help is needed and needed badly, now that so many men must go to the front. We want to help the women and children left behind, and to do so effectively we need the power of the vote. Surely if we are capable and non-hysterical enough to go as nurses to the war, &c., we are equally efficient to register our votes.—Yours, &c., ROSALIND GARCIA DE CADIZ, LELIA GARCIA DE CADIZ. St. John's, Lecarron, co. Rodez, Aug. 19, 1914.

HOW UNITED SUFFRAGISTS ARE KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING

It is impossible to do more than quote a few passages from the mass of letters that continue to reach us from members of the U.S. who wish to back us up in our determination to carry on the Suffrage campaign during the European war.

"Of Course I Will Help"

Beatrice Harraden writes:

"I think it is such a splendid and plucky thing to keep *VOTES FOR WOMEN* going. Even if it should have to be reduced to two pages it would be more than valuable! Of course I will help."

An Isle of Wight member "sends copies to all who will read it—and to some who won't!"

From an Edinburgh member comes the practical statement that "I have ordered six copies from my stationer to be sent weekly. Your paper is just splendid, and is filling a much felt gap."

Two School Teachers

Many of those who write enclose donations towards the upkeep of the paper. Two school teachers write: "The only thing we can do is to send you a small donation of 5s. each to help with the expenses of keeping on the paper. We sincerely hope you will be able to do so in spite of the difficulties of this terrible time."

The Right Spirit

The right spirit is shown by a Reading member who encloses £1, "as I wish to show my sympathy with your plans for war time. I do hope you will be able to keep on the whole of your staff. It is, of course, absurd for Suffragists to give to other war funds for relief, and at the same time to create distress among their own dependants."

A Torquay member has doubled her order for *VOTES FOR WOMEN*, and now gets four copies instead of two; and another writes from Dorchester to say: "When the time comes to renew my subscription to *VOTES FOR WOMEN* I shall willingly adopt your suggestion, and order it through a local agent, with a request to show a poster."

ACTRESSES' FRANCHISE LEAGUE

The A.F.L., like the U.S., believe that there is still a large public ready for Suffrage propaganda, and their magnificent meeting in Hyde Park last Sunday afternoon, addressed by Mrs. Ayrton Gould, Miss Somers, and Mr. Laurence Housman, was ample proof of the fact. The speakers next Sunday at 5.30 will be Miss Winifred Mayo, Mrs. Bracher, from New Zealand, and Miss Alison Neilans. The League also report that their stall in the White City continues to attract large crowds of sympathisers, scarcely anybody now stopping at the neighbouring stall to sign the "Anti" petition. Keep the flag flying!

"THE SPHINX".

During the run of "The Sphinx" at the Court Theatre beginning on October 3, some interesting lectures will be given at the theatre. On Tuesday afternoon, October 6, Miss Abadam will take the chair and Miss Janet Steer will speak on, amongst other subjects, "The Femininity of Life" and "The Riddle of the Sphinx". On Friday afternoon, October 9, Lady Isabel Margesson will take the chair and Mrs. F. A. Steel will speak on "The Fruit of the Tree," and Mrs. Swiney on "The Divine Motherhood and her Children." These lectures are for women only, and admission will be free; reserved stalls at 2s. 6d. each can be obtained from the box office.

Change of Address

We are asked to announce that the London address of the Women's Emergency Corps has been changed from the Little Theatre to Old Bedford College, 8 and 9, York Place, Baker Street, W.

WIVES AND WAR

Our readers will be interested to learn that Messrs. Spiers and Pond, who are advertisers in *VOTES FOR WOMEN*, have decided to grant half pay to all their married employees who have joined the colours. This is an acknowledgment of the fact that wives bear an equal share of the sacrifice imposed upon the home by war, and all Suffragists will applaud this action on the part of the firm in question.

A USEFUL CONTRIVANCE

An exceedingly useful emergency hold-all is advertised by Madame Elizabeth, of South Molton Street. Most of the necessary items are contained in this cleverly contrived bag, including a first aid outfit, a writing outfit, and nothing of any importance seems to have been omitted from the well-selected items of clothing.

The complete stocks held by the **GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS CO., LTD.**, 112, Regent Street, London, W., afford a ready choice for the selection of **ENGAGEMENT RINGS** and other **GEM JEWELLERY**, **WRIST WATCHES**, **GOLD** and **SILVER PLATE**, **CANTEENS** of **SPOONS**, **FORKS** and **CUTLERY** in **REGENT PLATE**, **DRESSING BAGS**, **SUIT CASES**, &c., suitable for **Presents** for all occasions. Illustrated Catalogue post free on application—ADVT.

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